

# Spice 1, Who Can I Trust?

Who can ya trust?

[ VERSE 1 ]

Who can ya trust, cause niggas is all snakes and rats  
Hollerin at your baby mama all behind your back  
Smilin in your face though they plan on takin your place  
Paid the lawyer ten g's, still lost the case  
You say you got a lust to bust  
But when it comes down to it, man, you sho' go nuts  
Who can ya trust? Some niggas wanna roll with us  
But when the bodies start droppin, man, they ain't sayin too much  
Out of touch, quiet as a church mouse, not a squeak or a sound  
When we really let em know how we get down  
Who can ya trust, scandalous bust's tryin to set you up  
And though you didn't plan on swimmin they wet you up  
Who can ya trust when a nigga ballin out of control  
And all the haters wanna get you for your diamond Rol'  
Tired of suckers tellin me that I don't kick it no mo'  
I'ma kick that ass ridin for my cash for sho'  
Who can ya trust?

[ CHORUS ]

When a nigga ballin out of control  
You see it's hard to tell the difference from a friend or foe  
(Who can be trusted?)  
Lord, I wanna be a baller, please  
But these savage-ass streets keep on callin me  
(Who can be trusted?)  
When a nigga ballin out of control  
You see it's hard to tell the difference from a friend or foe  
(Who can be trusted?)  
Lord, I wanna be a baller, please  
But I been diagnosed with the thug disease

[ VERSE 2 ]

...gettin sticky when I roll up  
Niggas dippin too close and you don't know me, nigga, hold up  
Get your hands our your pockets, I don't trust nobody  
Cause see, the game ain't nothin but a gangster party  
I been thuggin for years, tryin hard to stay alive  
Cause violence and vengeance came close too many times  
Sparks light up the night, niggas duckin from ricochets  
Baldheads or braids, you can die in six million ways  
In the heat of the drama, who can ya trust?  
Hella niggas sayin they down, but they ain't ready to bust  
They ain't walkin how they talkin, they just yappin they mouth  
Speakin on that thug shit and ain't a strap in the house  
Who can you trust, everybody gotta watch they back  
Thought he was your homeboy till he faded to black  
Walked up to your mama house, hit you up for the sacks  
Now you bailin in the hooptie rollin round with the gat  
You can't trust nobody in these days and times  
Miss my homie, sittin on his grave with nines  
Wishin I was at the murder scene lightin it up  
For my playboy partna, I was the one he could trust

[ CHORUS ]

[ VERSE 3 ]

We choose 100's and 50's over tig-old bitties  
It's m.o.b., ride or die in the heart of the city  
Hella busters be fallin victim, swallowed up in the game  
Black demons, I hear em callin, still screamin my name  
Fall in the game, but you can never know all the games

Shot in his head with his vest on - who do you blame?  
A victim of circumstances, gone with the wind  
And to my niggas stuck on death row, caught in the pen  
Never let em see you sweat, we're all born in sin  
Suckers'll never really see through the hearts of the real men  
When the shit goes down niggas be up in the clouds  
Suckers ain't sayin nothin, they just talkin aloud  
Entertainin the crowd tryin to get a few stripes  
I ain't down for ballin, already got two strikes  
Niggas tryin to make me k out  
And some people say, "My A.K. is the way out"  
Stay out of bullshit and keep my head over the water  
Lot of niggas, see em hungry, blood-thirsty for dollars  
Ridin for the cream, niggas think I'm doin 3 months  
But on the real, homie, you can be touched  
Now who can ya trust?

[ CHORUS ]